

## History Is in the Making

Back in the golden days using the olden ways  
men drew their horses reins  
Flying through Kitty Hawk, drunk in the musty  
dock  
cattle herds across the plains  
Time doesn't give us hope, throw us a helpful  
rope  
leaves us to whither and  
crisp  
Makes strong men small and frail, makes sultry beauties  
pale  
and leads us like a Will-o-the-Wisp

But remember that time is not the  
catalyst  
Treasure locked underground in Pharaoh's golden mummy  
mist  
Time won't wait for you til tomorrow so your hand may I  
borrow  
Shall we lead the ballroom in a waltz?

Years before Shakespeare wrote heaven a little  
note  
still men and women kissed  
Drew swords in battles mean made pots with decor  
obscene  
even sang a lovely  
list

Frankly I'm Franklin's kite, Bach got me back  
tonight  
let's kiss the universe blue  
I'm holding hands with God , you've got a peach and sod  
I control the way we think     drink)  
(with a